

Kate. Patience I pray you, 'twas a fault vswilling.

Pet. A horson beetle-headed flap-eard knave:
Come *Kate* sit downe, I know you haue a stomacke,
Will you giue thanks, sweete *Kate*, or else shall I?
What's this, Mutton?

1. Ser. I.

Pet. Who brought it?

Peter. I.

Pet. 'Tis burnt, and so is all the meate:
What dogges are these? Where is the rascall Cooke?
How durst you villaines bring it from the dresser
And serue it thus to me that loue it not?

There, take it to you, trenchers, cups, and all:

You heedlesse iolt-heads, and vnmanner'd slaues.

What, do you grumble? He be with you straight.

Kate. I pray you husband, be not so disquiet;

The meate was well, if you were so contented.

Pet. I tell thee *Kate*, 'twas burnt and dried away,

And I expressly am forbid to touch it:

For it engenders chollier, planteth anger,

And better 'twere that both of vs did fast,

Since of our felues, our felues are chollierickes,

Then feede it with such ouer-rosted flesh:

Be patient, to morrow't shall be mended,

And for this night we'l fast for compaignie.

Come I wil bring thee to thy Bridall chamber. *Exeunt.*

Enter Seruants severally.

Nath. Peter didst euer see the like.

Peter. He kills her in her owne humor.

Grumio. Where is he?

Enter Curio a Seruant.

Cur. In her chamber, making a sermon of continencie to her, and railes, and sweares, and rates, that shee (poore soule) knowes not which way to stand, to looke, to speake, and sits as one new risen from a dreame. Away, away, for he is coming hither.

Enter Petruchio.

Pet. Thus haue I politickely begun my reigne,

And 'tis my hope to end successfully:

My Faulcon now is sharpe, and passing emptie,

And til she stoop, she must not be full gorg'd,

For then she neuer lookes vpon her lure.

Another way I haue to man my Haggard,

To make her come, and know her keepers call:

That is, to watch her, as we watch these Kites,

That baite, and beate, and will not be obedient:

She eate no meate to day, nor none shall eate.

Last night she slept not, nor to night she shall not:

As with the meate, some vnderferued fault,

He finde about the making of the bed,

And heere Ile sling the pillow, there the bolster,

This way the Couerlet, another way the sheets:

I, and amid this hurle I intend,

That all is done in reuerend care; of her,

And in conclusion, she shall watch all night,

And if she chance to nod, Ile raile and brawle,

And with the clamor keepe her stil awake:

This is a way to kil a Wife with kindnesse,

And thus Ile curbe her mad, and headstrong humor:

He that knowes better how to tame a shrew,

Now let him speake, 'tis charity to shew. *Exit.*

Enter Tranio and Hortensio.

Tran. Is't possible friend *Lisio*, that mistress *Bianca*

Doth fancie any other but *Lucentio*,

I tel you sir, she beares me faire in hand.

Luc. Sir, to satisfie you in what I haue said,

Stand by, and marke the manner of his teaching.

Enter Bianca.

Hor. Now Mistress, profit you in what you reade?

Bian. What Master reade you first, resolute me that?

Hor. I reade, that I professe the Art to loue.

Bian. And may you proue sir Master of your Art.

Luc. While you sweet deere pious Mistress of my heart.

Hor. Quicke proceeders marry, now tel me I pray,

you that durst sweare that your mistress *Bianca*

Lou'd me in the World so well as *Lucentio*.

Tran. Oh despightful Loue, vnconstant womankind,

I tel thee *Lisio* this is wonderfull.

Hor. Mistake no more, I am not *Lisio*,

Nor a Musitian as I seeme to bee,

But one that scorne to liue in this disguise,

For such a one as leaues a Gentleman,

And makes a God of such a Cullion;

Know sir, that I am call'd *Hortensio*.

Tran. Signior *Hortensio*, I haue often heard

Of your entire affection to *Bianca*,

And since mine eyes are witness of her lightnesse,

I wil with you, if you be so contented,

Forswear *Bianca*, and her loue for euer.

Hor. See how they kisse and court: Signior *Lucentio*,

Heere is my hand, and heere I firmly vow

Never to woo her more, but do forswear her.

As one vnworthie all the former fauours

That I haue fondly flatter'd them withall.

Tran. And heere I take the like vnfaired oath,

Neuer to marrie with her, though she would inuite,

Eie on her, see how beauly she doth court him.

Hor. Would all the world but he had quite forsworn

For me, that I may surely keepe mine oath.

I wil be married to a wealthy Widdow,

Ere three dayes passe, which hath as long lou'd me,

As I haue lou'd this proud disdainful Haggard,

And so farewell signior *Lucentio*,

Kindnesse in women, not their beauteous lookes

Shal win my loue, and so I take my leaue,

In resolution, as I swore before.

Tran. Mistress *Bianca*, blesse you with such grace,

As length to a Louers blessed case:

Nay, I haue cane you napping gentle Loue,

And haue forsworne you with *Hortensio*.

Bian. *Tranio* you iest, but haue you both forsworne

me?

Tran. Mistress we haue.

Luc. Then we are rid of *Lisio*.

Tran. I faith hee'l haue a lustie Widdow now,

That shalbe woo'd, and wedded in a day.

Bian. God giue him ioy.

Tran. I, and hee'l tame her.

Bianca. He sayes so *Tranio*.

Tran. Faith he is gone vnto the taming schoole.

Bian. The taming schoole: what is there such a place?

Tran. I mistress, and *Petruchio* is the master,

That teacheth trickes cleuen and twentie long,

To tame a shrew, and charme her chattering tongue.

Enter Biondello.

Bian. Oh Master, master I haue watcht so long,

That I am dogge-wearie, but at last I spied

An ancient Angel comming downe the hill,

Wil serue the turne.

Tran. What is he *Biondello*?

Bian. Master, a Mercantile, or a pedant,

I know not what, but formall in apparrell,
In gate and countenance sorely like a Father.

Luc. And what of him *Tranio*?

Tran. If he be credulous, and trust my tale,

He make him glad to see me *Vincentio*,

And giue assurance to *Baptista Minola*.

As if he were the right *Vincentio*.

Pet. Take me your loue, and then let me alone.

Enter a Pedant.

Ped. God saue you sir.

Tran. And you sir, you are welcome,

Trauaile you farre on, or are you at the farthest?

Ped. Sir at the farthest for a weeke or two.

But then vp farther, and as farre as Rome.

And so to Tripolie, if God lend me life.

Tran. What Countreyman I pray?

Ped. Of Mantua.

Tran. Of Mantua Sir, marrie God forbid.

And come to Padua careless of your life.

Ped. My life sir how I pray? for that goes hard.

Tran. 'Tis death for any one in Mantua.

To come to Padua, know you not the cause?

Your ships are staid at Venice, and the Duke

For priuate quarrel twixt your Duke and him,

Hath publish'd and proclaim'd it openly:

'Tis meruaile, but that you are but newly come,

you might haue heard it else proclaim'd about.

Ped. Alas sir, it is worse for me then so,

For I haue bills for monie by exchange

From Florence, and must heere deliuer them.

Tran. Wel sir, to do you courtesie,

This wil I do, and this I wil aduise you,

First tell me, haue you euer bene at Pisa?

Ped. I sir, in Pisa haue I often bin,

Pisa renowned for graue Citizens.

Tran. Among them know you one *Vincentio*?

Ped. I know him not, but I haue heard of him:

A Merchant of incomparable wealth.

Tran. He is my father sir, and sooth to say,

In countenance somewhat doth resemble you.

Bian. As much as an apple doth an oyster, & all one.

Tran. To saue your life in this extremitie,

This fauor wil I do you for his sake,

And thinke it not the worst of all your fortunes,

That you are like to Sir *Vincentio*.

His name and credite shal you vndertake,

And in my house you shal be friendly lodg'd,

Looke that you take vpon you as you should,

you vnderstand me sir: so shal you stay

Til you haue done your businesse in the Citie:

If this be court'ie sir, accept of it.

Ped. Oh sir I do, and wil repute you euer

The patron of my life and libertie.

Tran. Then go with me, to make the matter good,

This by the way I let you vnderstand,

My father is heere look'd for euerie day,

To passe assurance of a dowre in marriage:

Twixt me, and one *Baptista* daughter heere:

In all these circumstances Ile instruct you,

Go with me to cloath you as becomes you. *Exeunt.*

Enter Katherine and Grumio.

Katherine. No, no for

Ka. The more n

What, did he mar

Beggars that come

Vpon intreatie ha

If not, elsewhere th

But I, who neuer k

Nor neuer needed t

Am staru'd for mea

With oathes kept w

And that which sp

He does it vnder na

As who should say

'Twere deadly sick

I prethee go, and ge

I care not what, so

Grumio. What say

Kate. 'Tis passin

Grumio. I feare it is

How say you to a fa

Kate. I like it we

Grumio. I cannot te

What say you to a p

Kate. A dish tha

Grumio. I, but the M

Kate. Why then

Grumio. Nay then I

Or else you get no b

Kate. Then borl

Grumio. Why then

Kate. Go get th

That feed'st me with

Sorrow on thee, and

That triumph thus v

Go get thee gone, I

Enter Petruchio

Petr. How fares

Hor. Mistress, wh

Kate. Faith as co

Petr. Plucke vp th

Heere Loue, thou se

To dresse thy meate

I am sure sweete *Kate*

What, not a word?

And all my paines is

Heere take away thi

Kate. I pray you

Petr. The poorest

And so shall mine be

Kate. I thanke ye

Petr. Signior *Petr*

Come Mistress *Kate*,

Petr. Eate it vp a

Much good do it vn

Kate. Eate apace; and

Will we retorne vnto

And reuell it as brau

With silken coats and

With Ruffes and Cuf

With Scarfes, and Pa

With Amber Bracele

What hast thou din'd

To decke thy bodie v